

Plays for Young Audiences

A PARTNERSHIP OF SEATTLE CHILDREN'S THEATRE AND CHILDREN'S THEATRE COMPANY-
MINNEAPOLIS

2400 THIRD AVENUE SOUTH
MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA 55404
612-872-5108
FAX 612-874-8119

Romeo and Juliet

Story by
William Shakespeare

Adapted for the Stage by
Greg Banks

Excerpt

Romeo and Juliet was first presented by The Children's Theatre Company for the 2008-09 season. All Rights Reserved.

The license issued in connection with PYA perusal scripts is a limited license, and is issued for the sole purpose of reviewing the script for a potential future performance. All other rights regarding perusal scripts are expressly reserved by Plays for Young Audiences, including, but not limited to, the rights to distribute, perform, copy or alter scripts. This limited license does not convey any performance rights of any kind with this material. By accepting any perusal script(s), Licensee agrees to and is bound by these terms.

Act 1 Scene 4

(enter Romeo, Benvolio, Mercutio and others)

Romeo What, shall this speech be spoke for our excuse?
Or shall we on without apology?

Benvolio But, let them measure us by what they will,
We'll measure them a measure and be gone.

Romeo Give me a torch. I am not for this ambling.
Being but heavy, I will bear the light.

Mercutio Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance

Romeo Not I, believe me. You have dancing shoes
With nimble soles. I have a soul of lead
So stakes me to the ground I cannot move.

Mercutio You are a lover. Borrow Cupid's wings
And soar with them above a common bound.

Romeo I am too sore empierced with his shaft
To soar with his light feathers; and so bound
I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe
Under love's heavy burden do I sink.

Mercutio And, to sink in it, should you burden love-
Too great oppression for a tender thing

Romeo Is love a tender thing? It is too rough,
Too rude, too boisterous, and it pricks like thorn.

Mercutio If love be rough with you, be rough with love.
Prick love for pricking, and you beat love down.

Benvolio Come knock and enter; and no sooner in
But everyman betake him to his legs.

Romeo And we mean well in going to this masque,
But tis no wit to go.

Mercutio Why, may one ask?

Romeo I dreamt a dream tonight.

Mercutio And so did I.

Benvolio And so did I.

Romeo Well, what was yours?

Mercutio That dreamers often lie.

Romeo In bed asleep, while they do dream things true.

Mercutio O, then I see Queen Mab hath been with you.

Romeo Who?

Mercutio She is the fairies' midwife, and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agate stone
And in this state she gallops night by night
Through lovers brains, and then they dream of love;
O'er courtiers knees, that dream on curtsies straight;
O'er lawyers fingers', who straight dream on fees;
O'er ladies lips, who straight on kisses dream,
Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,
Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted are.
Sometimes she driveth o'er a soldier's neck;
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
Drum in his ear, at which he starts and wakes
And being thus frightened, swears a prayer or two
And sleeps again. This is that very Mab
This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,
That presses them and learns them first to bear,
Making them women of good carriage.
This is she-

Romeo Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace!
Thou talkest of nothing.

Mercutio True. I talk of dreams;
Which are children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy;
Which is as thin of substance as the air,
And more inconstant than the wind.

Benvolio This wind you talk of blows us from ourselves.
Supper is done, and we shall come too late

Romeo I fear too early. For my mind misgives

Some consequence, yet hanging in the stars,
But he that hath the steerage of my course
Direct my sail! On, my lusty gentlemen.

Act 1 Scene 5

(Enter Capulet, Juliet, Tybalt, Nurse and guests)

- All** Moi ochka, moi ochka ma,
Moi ochka ma Konichka dva.
Moi ochka, moi ochka ma
Konichka dva
Obasta, Obasta lepa
Obasta lepa sheemela
Obasta, obasta lepa
Sheemela.
(Repeat All 1x)
- Capulet** Welcome, gentlemen! Ladies that have their toes
Unplagued with corns will walk about with you.
Ah, my mistresses, which of you all
Will now deny to dance? She that makes dainty,
She, I'll swear, hath corns. Am I come near thee now?
You are welcome, gentlemen! Come musicians play.
- Romeo** What ladies that, which doth enrich the hand
Of yonder knight?
- Servant** I know not, sir.
- Romeo** O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!
It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night
As a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear-
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!
The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand
And, touching hers, make blessed my rude hand.
Did my heart love till now? Forswear it, sight!
For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.
- Tybalt** This, by his voice, should be a Montague.
What, dares the slave
Come hither, covered with an antic face,
To fleer and scorn at our solemnity?
Now, by the stock and honour of my kin,
To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

Capulet Why, how now, kinsman? Wherefore storm you so?

Tybalt Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe.
A villain, that is hither come in spite
To scorn at our solemnity this night.

Capulet Young Romeo is it?

Tybalt 'Tis he, that villain Romeo.

Capulet Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone.
I would not for the wealth of all this town
Here in my house do him disparagement.
Therefore be patient; take no note of him.
It is my will, the which if thou respect,
Show a fair presence and put off these frowns,
An ill-beseeming semblance for a feast.

Tybalt It fits when such a villain is a guest.
I'll not endure him.

Capulet He shall be endured.
What, Goodman boy! I say he shall. Go to!
Am I the master here, or you? Go to!

Tybalt Why, uncle, 'tis a shame.

Capulet Go to!
What? Cheerly my hearts! Cheerly!

Tybalt I will withdraw. But this intrusion shall,
Now seeming sweet, convert to bitterest gall. (*exit*)

Romeo If I profane with my unworhiest hand
This holy shrine, the gentle sin is this.
My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand
To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.

Juliet Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much,
Which mannerly devotion shows in this.
For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch,
And palm to palm is holy palmers kiss.

Romeo Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?

Juliet Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.

Romeo O, then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do!
They pray: grant thou, lest faith turn to despair

Juliet Saints do not move, thou grant for prayers' sake.

Romeo Then move not while my prayer's effect I take.
(He kisses her)
Thus from my lips, by thine my sin is purged.

Juliet Then have my lips the sin that they have took.

Romeo Sin from my lips? O trespass sweetly urged!
Give me my sin again.
(He kisses her again)

Juliet You kiss by th'book.

Nurse Madam, your father craves a word with you.

Romeo What is her father?

Nurse Marry, bachelor,
Her father is the master of the house,

Romeo Is she a Capulet?
Oh dear account! My life is my foe's debt.

Benvolio Away, be gone. The sport is at its best.

Romeo Ay, so I fear. The more is my unrest.

Juliet Come hither, nurse. What is yond gentleman?

Nurse The son and heir of old Tiberio.

Juliet What's he that now is going out of door?

Nurse Marry, I think that be young Petruchio.

Juliet What's he that follows here, that would not dance?

Nurse I know not.

Juliet Go ask his name. - If he be married,

My grave is like to be my wedding bed.

Nurse His name is Romeo, and a Montague,
The only son of your great enemy.

Juliet My only love, sprung from my only hate!
Too early seen, and known too late!
Prodigious birth of love it is to me
That I must love a loathed enemy.

Nurse What's this, what's this?

Juliet A rhyme I learnt even now
Of one I danced withal.
(*One calls within 'Juliet'.*)

Nurse Anon, anon!
Come. Let's away. The strangers all are gone.

Act 2 Scene 1

Benvolio Romeo! Romeo!

Romeo Can I go forward when my heart is here?
Turn back, dull earth, and find thy centre out.
(*Enter Benvolio, Mercutio, Romeo withdraws*)

Benvolio Romeo! My cousin Romeo! Romeo!

Mercutio He is wise,
And, on my life, hath stolen him home to bed.

Benvolio He ran this way and leapt this orchard wall.
Call, good Mercutio.

Mercutio Nay, I'll conjure too.
I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes,
By her high forehead and her scarlet lip,
By her fine foot, straight leg, and quivering thigh,
And the demesnes that there adjacent lie,
That in thy likeness thou appear to us!

Benvolio Come he hath hid himself among these trees
To be consorted with the humorous night.
Blind is his love and best befits the dark.

Mercutio If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.
Come shall we go?

Benvolio Go then, for 'tis in vain
To seek him here that means not to be found.

Act 2 Scene 2

Romeo He jests at scars that never felt a wound.
(enter Juliet above)
But soft! what light through yonder window breaks?
It is the East, and Juliet is the sun!
Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already sick and pale with grief
That thou her maid are far more fair than she.
It is my lady. O, it is my love!
O that she knew she were!
She speaks. Yet she says nothing. What of that?
Her eye discourses. I will answer it.
I am too bold. 'Tis not to me she speaks.
See how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
O that I were that glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!

Juliet Ay me!

Romeo She speaks.
O, speak again, bright angel.

Juliet O Romeo, Romeo! - Wherefore art thou Romeo?
Deny thy father and refuse thy name.
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

Romeo Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?

Juliet 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy.
Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.
What's Montague? It is nor hand nor foot
Nor arm nor face nor any other part
Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!
What's in a name? That which we call a rose
By any other word would smell as sweet.
So, Romeo would, were he not Romeo called,

Retain that dear perfection which he owes
Without that title. Romeo, duff thy name;
And for thy name, which is no part of thee,
Take all myself.

Romeo

I take thee at thy word.

Juliet

What man art thou that, thus bescreened in night,
So stumblest on my counsel?

Romeo

By a name
I know not how to tell thee who I am.
My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,
Because it is an enemy to thee.
Had it I written, I would tear the word.

Juliet

My ears have yet not drunk a hundred words
Of thy tongue's uttering, yet I know the sound.
Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?

Romeo

Neither, fair maid, if either thee dislike.

Juliet

How camest thou hither, tell me, and wherefore?
The orchard walls are high and hard to climb,
And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

Romeo

With love's light wings I did o'erperch these walls.
For stony limits cannot hold love out,
And what love can do, that dares love attempt.
Therefore thy kinsmen are no stop to me.

Juliet

If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

Romeo

I have nights cloak to hide me from their eyes.
And but thou love me, let them find me here.

Juliet

By whose direction foundest out this place?

Romeo

By love that first did prompt me to inquire,
He leant me counsel, and I leant him eyes.

Juliet

Thou knowest the mask of night is on my face,
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek
For that which thou hast heard me speak tonight.
Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say 'Ay'.

And I will take thy word. Yet, if thou swearest,
Thou mayst prove false. O gentle Romeo,
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully.

Romeo Lady, by yonder blessed moon I vow,
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops-

Juliet O, swear not by the moon, th'inconstant moon,
That monthly changes in her circled orb,
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

Romeo What shall I swear by?

Juliet Do not swear at all.
Or if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I'll believe thee.

Romeo If my heart's dear love-

Juliet Well, do not swear. Though I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contract tonight.
It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden;
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be
Ere one can say 'It lightens'. Sweet, goodnight!

Romeo O wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

Juliet What satisfaction canst thou have tonight

Romeo Th'exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.

Juliet I gave thee mine before thou didst request it.
And yet I would it were to give again.

Romeo Wouldst thou would withdraw it? For what purpose, love?

Juliet But to be frank and give it thee again.
My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep. The more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite.
Dear love, adieu!
(*Nurse calls within*)
Anon, good nurse!- Sweet Montague, be true.
Stay but a little, I will come again. (*Exit Juliet*)

Romeo O blessed, blessed night! I am afeard,

Being in night, all this is but a dream,
(*Enter Juliet above*)

Juliet Three words, dear Romeo, and good night indeed.
If that thy bent of love be honourable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word tomorrow,
By one that I'll procure to come to thee,
Where and what time thou wilt perform the rite,
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay
And follow thee my lord throughout the world.

Nurse Madam!

Juliet I come, anon-But if thou meanest not well I do beseech thee

Nurse Madam!

Juliet By and By I come-
To cease thy strife and leave me to my grief.
Tomorrow I will send.

Romeo So thrive my soul –

Juliet A thousand times goodnight!
(*exit Juliet*)

Romeo A thousand times the worse, to want thy light!
Love goes towards love as schoolboys from their books;
But love from love, toward school with heavy looks.

(*enter Juliet from above again*)

Juliet Romeo!

Romeo My sweet?

Juliet What o'clock tomorrow
Shall I send to thee?

Romeo By the hour of nine.

Juliet I will not fail. 'Tis twenty year till then.
I have forgot why I did call thee back.

Romeo Let me stand here till thou remember it.

Juliet

I shall forget, to have thee still stand there.
Remembering how I love thy company.

Romeo

And I'll still stay, to have thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.

Juliet

'Tis almost morning. I would have thee gone.
Good night, good night! Parting is such sweet sorrow
That I shall say goodnight till it be morrow.
(*exit Juliet*)

Romeo

Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast!
Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!
Hence will I to my ghostly friar's close cell,
His help to crave and my dear hap to tell. (*exit*)